

a letter for the boy i love by orphan_account

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Summary:

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a letter for the boy i love

Mike,

Nights upon nights of cold air blowing through an open window, only open so you can come in and take the pain away; it's a real shame you came too late tonight. I'm stuck, I can't find any other way out, smiling is a façade and I'm too tired to lie anymore. The house is covered in my insanity, twisting, winding pages of it; my family doesn't deserve my madness, they deserve a break. You all deserve a break. I wish you luck with finding the girl, I know she understood things that I never will. With me out of the picture you'll be able to devote all your time to her, making her feel at home here in Hawkins. Everything bad in this town is connected to me, it'll all go, you'll be able to live a normal life; I wanted to do that too, live life for me. I care about you so damn much, I worry that if you keep helping me you're going to get hurt by me. I'm dangerous. I love you too much to allow myself to have even a chance of hurting you.

Goodbye,

Love, Will Byers.

Sobbing until he choked, Mike reread the note over and over, he was too late. Jonathan and Joyce rushed into the room to see what was going on, momentarily they were so shocked to see Mike that they didn't notice Will in a crumpled ball on the floor, wrists cut and pill bottle empty. Joyce screamed and fell to the floor, grabbing at Will's wrists and trying to find a pulse. Jonathan ran out of the room and somewhere in the house a phone was being dialled. Mike could only stand and watch, white noise in his head and hot, wet tears rolling down his face.

The world was blurring together, red and blue lights flashing, sirens wailing. Mike only vaguely recollected having a blanket wrapped around him and being helped to sit down on the Byers' couch. Soon he was in a hospital waiting room, but nothing yet made sense. He was clutching the letter, trying to read it but the letters meaning nothing. Then he was looking at him, his chest slowly raising up and

down; living.

A month later, Will Byers sat cross-legged on his bed, opposite him was Mike Wheeler. He had been discharged from the hospital two weeks after admission, the initial recovery had been relatively quick; however he was still under close watch by family and friends.

“How are you feeling, Will?” Mike asked, voice wavering slightly with emotion.

“I’ve felt worse.” Will offered a small smile, full of shame.

A few moments of comfortable silence went by, until Mike decided to speak up:

“I don’t think she’d make me happy anymore.”

Will gave him a confused look, he didn’t quite catch on.

“Because I’ve found someone much better, someone who always worries me tremendously, but nonetheless, someone I love.”

“Who’s that?” Will was puzzled, and a little saddened, he just wanted Mike to like him.

“Oh Will, you can be so very oblivious sometimes.” Mike chuckled, “Don’t look so sad, it’s you.”